

WINTER SPORTING DOPE FROM EVERYWHERE

Levinsky Looks Better Each Time He Fights.

Only 364 more shopping days until Christmas.

Only 110 more doping days until baseball.

Maybe we spout a whole lot about this New York heavyweight, Battling Levinsky, but we are proud of that guy, and look on him as personal property. About three months ago, when no one knew how to spell his name, we wished ourself on him, and he has come through with colors flying.

A person named Jack Driscoll emerged from Brooklyn long enough last night to get the swellest ten-round trimming he ever read about. He has to read about it, for he isn't sure what happened. Levinsky pounded the Irish-monikered lad all over the ring, and at the end of the tenth Driscoll was all in and hanging on the ropes. He would have been floored for the count in another round.

Compared to the present crop of flesh mountains that are going around the country and obtaining money by billing themselves as white hopes, Levinsky is a small man. He weighs 170 pounds, which puts him somewhere near the class of Gunboat Smith, with whom he has not tangled thus far.

Levinsky has been developed from a raw amateur into a scrapper with a fair amount of cleverness and a whaling punch. He did not learn his game in the gymnasiums. Not any. He signed for fight after fight, and the lusty knocks that landed on him taught him carefulness and shiftiness.

If this fellow's hands hold out he will in time put away all of the men now in the heavyweight division. But human mitts can only stand a certain amount of buffeting, and Levinsky gives his plenty of work.

Christmas Is Gone, But Tinker Is Still With Us.

Since the motorman of this column first drew regular money for working on a newspaper he has fiddled around with a variety of stories.

He has "covered" baseball games, murders, fires, pink teas, county board meetings and other crimes. (This is not a letter of recommendation. Our job is satisfactory.)

But none of this experience has fitted us to prognosticate the next move when baseball magnates begin playing politics.

All of which is another way of saying that sooner or later Joe Tinker will find a resting place, after the magnates have pulled a lot of advertisement out of his case, and numerous offers of a million dollars or so have been offered for his services.

Experts in the Brooklyn papers see no confidence that Joey will be wearing a Dodger uniform next season. They have held converse with Charles Hold-on Ebbets, and that celebrity is reconciled to unbuttoning himself from a \$10,000-bonus, though the separation may prove fatal.

Striped of all its bunk, that bonus is all that is necessary to get Tinker to Brooklyn. The deal has been officially recognized by the National League powers, and offers from other magnates are founded mainly on air.

Some excuse can be made for these stories. President Comiskey of the White Sox is out of town and news is scarce. We have to use some spotty dope now and then to fill up with.

We are not overwhelmed by the news that Charles Webb Murphy is trying to pull off some deals with the Pirates, Cardinals and Reds. Murphy has some material that is useless to him for regular work, and he naturally wants something that he can use, a good pitcher, for instance.